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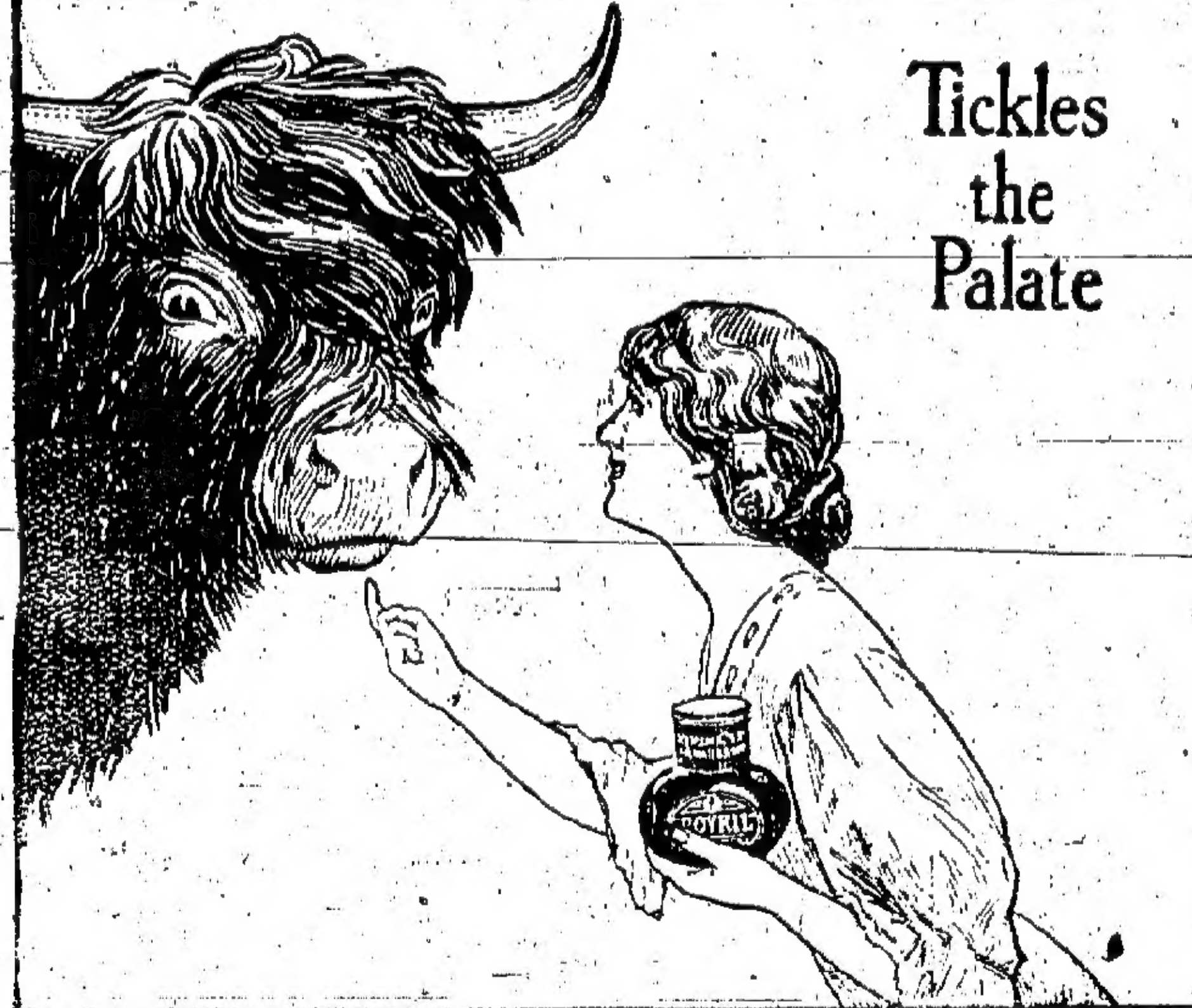
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ACTRESS' QUANT VIEWS OF LONDONERS.

Miss Eva Tanguay, America's leading music-hall actress, has just returned from a ten days' visit to London and Paris, with some startling views on those two cities. Miss Tanguay's salary, which is half as much again as that of the President of the United States, gives her known her opinions about Europe, and she has been interviewed on the impressions retained after her first trip across the Atlantic.

"I must say, I don't think much of Europe," said the ten-day visitor to the trans-Atlantic shore. "Take London. Everything is so horribly old and dingy. Why, there's Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen live. It's black and gray and dilapidated, instead of being beautiful white marble, the way you'd suppose it ought to be. Honest, it's a sight, and New York would never stand for it. Over here, we don't let buildings get old; we tear them down before they've been up ten years, and put up newer ones."

"I suppose those are people in London who have money, but it is the dingiest, dirtiest, and most crowded-together, poverty-stricken place I ever saw. And you might as well try to buy a diamond as a piece of ice. We couldn't get anything cold. We'd order beer and say, 'We don't care how much we pay for it, but we want it cold.' Then, they'd bring us something that was the temperature of hot water."

"The London policemen are the most absurd things, too. They wear great long chin whiskers, that hang down on either side, and they look like country Reubens. For that matter, all Englishmen are stupid and don't know how to talk. They just look at you and say, 'Ah, yes, and Ah, no, and Fawny.' They don't seem to have any points to their brains. As for the English women, they are frights, positive frights. They wear the shabbiest, frumpiest clothes, particularly in the street. They don't know how to walk, or how to sit gracefully."

"I LIKED THE ZOO."
"You can travel all over London for a shilling in a taxi, which is nice. I think the English soldiers are attractive, and I liked the Zoo. The telephone system nearly drove me crazy, but the servants are ideal. They have a way of making you feel at home, and they are grateful or for the smallest tip. But the silly restaurants all close at half-past eleven, and on the whole, London is dearer than Long Island City."

"Paris is more like New York. The women are better-looking than the English women, only they make up too much. Fancy, one sees women in the street in the morning with dark blue streaks on their eyelids and their mouths covered with lip rouge, and actually wearing pendant diamond earrings!"

"We know more about clothes in New York than Paris ever dreamed of. I didn't buy one thing while I was away, and certainly if any one is on the look-out for novelties, I'm it. But I didn't see a thing worth getting. Frenchmen have a silly way of walking along the streets with their arm around the women's waists. It is conspicuous and ill-bred, in my opinion."

"And everywhere one sees people doing acrobatic stunts on the street corners, whom the new York police would arrest as public nuisances (Miss Tanguay was in Paris on July 14, and evidently mistook the celebrations on that day for the normal condition of Parisian life)."

"The Bois de Boulogne simply isn't in it with Fifth-avenue. Their parks are such messy things. They leave the grass long and last year's leaves on the ground, and they don't have pretty flower beds and shrubs as we do. There isn't a street car in the place, and the buses are so high and bumpy. To digest the cooking, one needs the stomach of an ostrich."

"The young women smoke in all the public places, another thing we don't do in New York. The men are silly little dudes, absolutely impractical. And there isn't a building in Paris that is over four stories in height. The best way to become a good American is to go abroad."

PENNY POSTAGE.

At the Mansion House, London, last month the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Thomas Vesey Stour) on behalf of 15 Australia and New Zealand banks, presented to Mr. Henniker Heaton, late M. P. for Canterbury, an illuminated address of congratulation on the completion of the Imperial penny postage system. The Lord Mayor in making the presentation declared that the great boon of Imperial penny postage was due very largely to the energy, pluck, and indomitable industry with which Mr. Heaton had agitated and fought for it. Mr. Heaton in responding said he hoped to be spared to see penny postage and penny-a-word telegrams universal throughout the world.

PLAIN WORDS TO SURGEONS.

At the British Medical Association's Congress at Birmingham last month some plain words to surgeons were spoken by Dr. Jordan Lloyd, the celebrated Birmingham professor, in favour of simplicity in surgical operations as opposed to the tendency to extreme elaboration and expense.

"Soap and scalding water are our safest and simplest antiseptics," he said, "and if we add spirit to the list, the scruples of the most sensitive of surgeons should be satisfied."

"All these are inexpensive, but all are efficient, and all are simple. The increasing cost of surgical work is chiefly due to the caprices of fashion and the demands of ritual and partly also to the fancies of architects and the seductive enterprise of surgical instrument makers."

"Good surgical work can be done in a clean and well-lighted airy bedroom if the surgeon will only take the necessary trouble."

"Many of the improvements of a modern hospital are as much for the convenience of the working staff as for the welfare of the patients."

Dr. Jordan Lloyd turned to another subject of vital interest to surgeons.

"Appendicitis," he declared, "is still occasionally wrongly diagnosed, but whereas formerly the disease was over-looked, to-day it is recognized where it does not exist."

But Dr. Lloyd showed that the enormously increased recognition of the disease afforded some excuse for this.

"I sometimes think," said Dr. Lloyd, speaking of the increasing use of the surgeon's knife, "it is going along too fast. It is now quite an ordinary thing for a hospital out-patient, in answer to your inquiry of 'Well, what is the matter with you?' to reply, 'I have got indigestion, and want to be operated on.'"

Dr. Lloyd declared that no fewer than 600,000 surgical operations were philanthropically performed last year in the United Kingdom.

At the inaugural breakfast, Dr. Laundy referred to the striking progress of temperance principles.

"Some years ago," he said, "the water drinker was looked on as eccentric even in temperance circles, but nowadays large numbers of men drink nothing but water at the midday meal."

Dr. Arthur Evans described the taking of alcohol even in so-called moderation as an invitation to bacteria.

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THE HOUSE OF PENDREAR.

(By MILBRED WILCOX.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a glorious afternoon in August, and the sea that lapped gently against the rocks at Land's End was of the brilliant greenish-blue tint that is seldom seen on the English coast except in Cornwall. So beautifully clear and still it was that the shape of the cold, grey stones at its depth could easily be traced; overhead the azure sky was lightly flecked with fleecy clouds. The heather and gorse were in their prime, the moor was ablaze with purple and gold. Save for the drooping of the bees everything was wrapped in silence.

It may have been the intense heat or the feeling of languor in the still, fragrant air that had taken the energy from Charles Pendrear's step and the brightness from his face. He came along the cliffs with lagging gait and there was a brooding expression in the dark eyes that gazed over the sea. He was suddenly recalled from his thoughts by the sound of a voice speaking his name.

He turned sharply to see a little figure by his side, and at once recognised the charming head underneath the scarlet sunshade as belonging to Bessie Legarde. They had met several times since he had rescued her on the cliff, and the girl showed a marked desire to be friendly. The young man smiled down upon her from his superior height.

"Well," he said, "you are still here. Not gone back to Belgium and the beetles yet?" Bessie made a noise of disgust.

"No, thank you. Mamma says I need not come back until I am tired of Seamen, and do you think I could easily tire of all this?"

She waved her hand in an airy embrace that included sea and cliff and sky.

Pendrear shook his head. "It is very beautiful. I don't suppose any one loves it more than I do. But, after all, don't you think it would be more satisfactory to set up a rival kingdom to the beetles?"

"No, if Hugh wants me he must fetch me. He has never written or sent me any message, except to say that he is glad I am enjoying myself. That is a nice message for a lover."

But I don't want him. I am much happier here, and she looked up at the handsome young man at her side with a coquettish glance.

"What do you say to coming with me to Penzance to-morrow and crossing over to St. Michael's Mount?"

Bessie's eyes danced.

"I would just love it. I would not let them know at Brussels, but it is sometimes a weary bit dull here, when you are away."

"I am staying here some weeks."

"I am glad," she said, with the frank simplicity of a child. Her piquant little face was dimpling with smiles. Hardly realizing what he was doing, Pendrear bent down and kissed her. The colour rushed to Bessie's cheeks, and she broke from him without a word.

"Whatever induced me to do such a thing?" Pendrear asked himself. "I have no business to, but she made me forget. If only I could explain."

The next morning was brilliantly fine, and Bessie, arrayed in a trim, linen costume and motor cap, arrived quite punctually at the hotel from which the motor started. She was in the highest spirits, and Pendrear told himself that she had forgotten all about that kiss.

Arrived at Penzance they walked along the coast as far as Marazion, from where they took a boat across to St. Michael's Mount. They landed on the small, stone quay and entering the massive gates that guarded the castle grounds, ascended the steep, winding path that led to the summit. They looked for a while at the splendid view, where on the mainland Marazion, Penzance, Newlyn and the purple slopes of Carnarvon were laid out like a map. Then they entered the chapel, where Bessie insisted upon exploring the secret cell, which, concealed by a trapdoor, lay behind the choir stalls.

"I angled I did not live in the olden days," she said, as they descended the steep path. "It was so easy to do away with a person one did not like."

"Well, that had its advantages, if one did not happen to be the person."

At this moment they were turning one of the sharp corners, and Bessie nearly ran into the arms of a tourist who was coming in the opposite direction.

She apologized profusely.

"Not at all. These corners are very tricky."

"Can you tell me if this is the best way to the chapel?" put in his companion, looking towards Pendrear, who was at that moment tying up his shoe, leaving Bessie to reply.

"A good-looking pair," remarked the man, against whom Bessie had collided.

"I was looking at the young fellow," said his companion. "His face struck me as familiar." Bessie glancing at Pendrear noticed that his hand was trembling, and during the crossing to the mainland he hardly spoke. As they walked back to Penzance she asked him what was troubling him.

"You have hardly spoken since we met those men at St. Michael's; you did not know them, did you?"

"Know them? What makes you think that?"

"I did not exactly think it. Only just after we met them you looked so worried that I thought they might be enemies of yours."

Pendrear laughed, the idea evidently causing him some amusement.

"My dear girl, your imagination has been stirred by that secret dungeon. If I had no worse enemies than those two men I should indeed be a lucky person."

"Oh, have you any enemies? Are you in any trouble?" she cried, impulsively. "Do let me help you."

"You do help me, with your trust in me."

"Ah, but that is not enough," cried Bessie. "I want to give you more than help and trust."

"What also can you give me?" he asked, not understanding. Bessie turned away her head.

"Oh, why do you make me say it?" she whispered. "There is love." Her words came as a revelation to the young man: his face flushed almost as hotly as her own.

"Yes, there is love, and I shall be always grateful for yours, the love of a sister. No," as she made a disclaimer, "it is not the other kind, you only fancy that it is. But, if you ever look back upon this day and think that you offered me your love in vain, let me tell you that had I been free to seek a wife there is no other girl I would rather have chosen. I value your love, but for reasons which I cannot explain I can never make you my wife." But we will be friends still, for I want your friendship badly.

"Then you don't despise me?"

"Of course not."

It was rather a piteous little face that was raised to his, but it was not long before it regained its smiles and dimples, for it was Bessie's fancy that had been caught, rather than her heart. But the incident lingered long in Pendrear's mind.

His visit to his Cornish home was considerably longer than usual, the village folk began to hope that the young heir was at last awakening to his social duties. But Pendrear still led the life of a recluse, passing long hours in the well-stocked library, or roaming over moor and cliff.

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"He's been out too long in the sun," she thought.

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Suddenly Pendrear swerved in his chair; his face ashen gray. Lizzie flew to his assistance. When she left the room, some fifteen minutes later, her own face had lost its ruddy colour, but a look of steady purpose shone in her eyes.

"I can hardly believe it," she muttered. "But it is safe with me. Wild horses shall not drag it from me. I will serve him till the end."

CHAPTER XXX.

Bessie Legarde stood on the steep hill-side that led down to Sennen Cove, looking disconsolately towards the sea.

It had lost some of its deep colour, and the rocks so refreshingly grey and cool in August looked bare and cold in late September.

The beach was practically deserted; there was a mournful murmur in the waves and a sad note in the cry of the gulls. The wind blew and whistled where once it had whispered that very morning. In spite of the sunshine, Bessie had shivered as she sat reading in a sheltered corner of the rocks. She made her way up the hill-side to Sennen Church Town and into one of the little all-sorts shops which the village boasted. It was pervaded with a mingled odour of bacon and cheese, and on the counter peppermint and boot-laces consorted merrily with sugar and string. Outside the shop Bessie met Lizzie Polperne, and, glad of any one with whom to "pass the time of day," she asked if there was any truth in the rumour of her approaching marriage with the young fisherman, Will Trevennick.

"No, no, Miss," said Lizzie, with a grin. "I'm not a-going to get married for many a long day. Time enough to think about it when one's had a bit of fun. If you don't get it before you are married you don't get it after. I don't hold with getting one's self tied up too early."

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"You find Mr. Pendrear a very kind master, I am sure?" said Bessie, tentatively.

"That I do, Miss, and I hope I will stay in his service many a long year. Still Trevennick is a likely lad, and it's real nice to feel as you come first with someone and that he is always wanting you. I'm not saying there ain't some advantages in marriage, after all."

With which concession, Lizzie made her way towards Pendrear and Bessie returned to the Cove. The other girl's words had set her thinking. After all, it was sweet to feel that in some one's eyes you came before any one else in the whole world. Involuntarily there came into Bessie's mind the memory of a tall, stalwart form; an honest bearded face and kindly eyes.

"Bah!" she cried. "He only wants his beetles," but at the bottom of her heart she knew she did not speak the truth.

The next morning a letter went out from Sennen to Brussels in which the writer stated that as autumn approached she found the seaside rather cold and thought it wise to return home while there was still a chance of a calm crossing.

"Which means Miss Bessie is getting tired of her freak and is fleeing Sennen somewhat dull," sagely guessed Mrs. Legarde, and early in the following week her daughter stepped out of the train at Brussels and ran into her arms. During the short journey to Greenfield she chattered gaily, asking innumerable questions about her home and her friends. "Only of her lover did she make no enquiry at all, by which her mother drew her own conclusions."

"I am glad Father has not left Greenfield yet," thought Bessie, as the next day she wandered in the forest. Under her foot was a thick, soft carpet of newly-fallen leaves; around her the tall straight trees had donned their autumn gowns of brown and gold.

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